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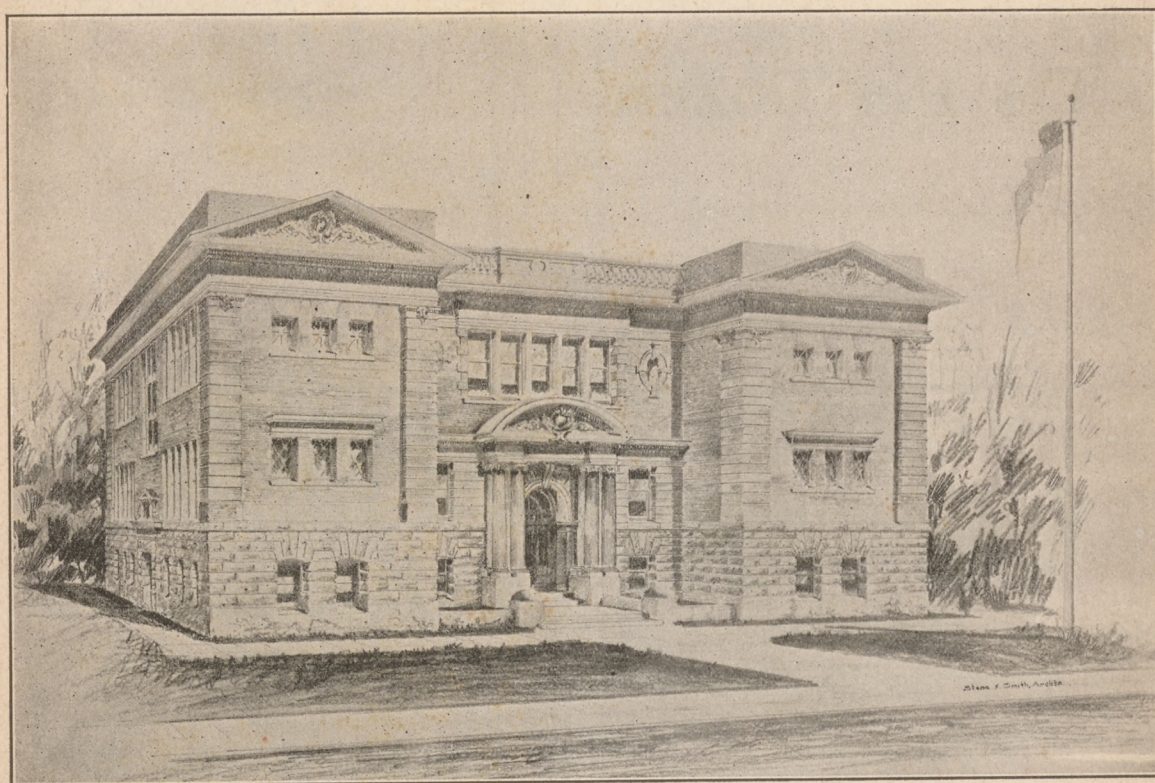
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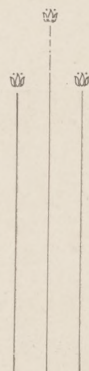
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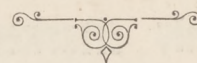
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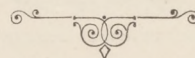
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"THE SOTOYOMAN."

VOL. 1.

HEALDSBURG, CAL., FEBRUARY.

NO. 4

"When the Furies Made Friends."

Dorothy Kent, Class '07.

Charlie and his cousin Isabelle had quarreled. They seldom really quarreled, for though they were continually at a war of words yet there was a good deal of affection between them. But the violence of this last disagreement fully justified their nickname of "The Furies."

This was the cause of the trouble: The cousins were both Sophomores of the High school and had recently been examined in algebra. During the examination Charlie was uncertain about the solution of the last example and to free his mind from all uneasiness he finally referred to his book.

Isabelle had seen Charlie take the book and look the problem up. She could hardly believe that he was cheating, but it looked so much like it. It grieved her to think that Charlie would be dishonest. As soon as possible she asked him about the matter.

"I just looked to see if I was right," he told her. "I knew what it was anyway."

"Did you get the example?" she asked. Something in the way she said this made him look at her, then a quick flush colored his face.

"You think I was cheating!" he said hotly.

"It was not very honorable," she said slowly, looking away.

"I had it right before I looked in the book. I don't see that it was very dishonorable!" he retorted.

"You must have a high sense of honor!" sneered Isabelle.

This thoroughly aroused his anger. Words

followed thick and fast. Isabelle spoke with passionate contempt, while Charlie in a loud voice made fairly plausible excuses. The dispute grew furious and finally ended, unhappily for both. He was in the wrong and felt ashamed of it. She was disappointed in him and let him know it.

After that quarrel they had made peace, but had not quite re-established their old friendship. However, a complete reconciliation was effected some days later.

One Friday after school the cousins were standing near a store when someone came rapidly down the steps of an outside entry. It was Dr. Rose and his automobile was not far distant. Charlie and the doctor were old friends and as the doctor paused to draw on a pair of leather gauntlets they exchanged greetings.

"Do you want to give me a ride?" asked Charlie suggestively. They stood talking a few minutes and then with a soft "chuff! chuff!" the doctor moved slowly down the street leaving Charlie to rejoin his cousin.

Together the two watched the automobile, Charlie with interest and Isabelle with an expression of longing in her eyes. The car was moving slower now, they saw the doctor make a few rapid movements and then it stopped. Dr. Rose jumped out and entered one of the many houses.

If there was one thing Isabelle desired more than another it was a ride in an automobile. This desire had not been diminished by

Charlie's glowing accounts of the exhilaration and excitement of such a ride. Charlie was much interested in machinery and Dr. Rose had kindly shown the boy how to run the automobile, besides giving him numerous rides. As they approached the car it occurred to Isabelle that Charlie could run it and as the doctor was not using it, now was her opportunity.

She turned impulsively to her cousin.

"Charlie!" she said persuasively, "do you want to be really and truly friends again?"

"I knew you had not forgotten about that old exam.," he said ignoring her question.

"But I will if you'll take me for a ride in the doctor's automobile. He won't care if you have it for a few minutes," she urged.

"Of course I will!" He spoke as if it were a foregone conclusion.

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly. Then with an odd laugh, "Alright."

She was rather surprised that he should consent so readily and it was with some little misgiving that she took her seat in the car.

The afternoon was clear and bright and the road was fairly free from traffic. They rolled swiftly out of town, faster through its outskirts and once beyond in the open country, Charlie gave the machine her head with an exultant feeling of freedom and power. Isabelle forgot everything in her delight at the fascinating speed and luxuriant ease of the automobile.

For about an hour it ran beautifully. By this time they were quite ten miles out of town, on a lonely country road with but few houses to be seen. Then the car changed its motion. It gave two or three uncertain jerks; the smell of gasoline grew objectionably strong and with a long drawn out wheeze it stopped dead.

Breathless with apprehension they both

jumped out. Isabelle went to a safe distance while Charlie seized a monkey wrench and dived under the car in true professional style. He made a great deal of clatter without accomplishing anything and finally emerged, a smear of grease across his forehead and dust and mud on his clothes. Then he investigated the feed valve. It was empty. This was easily remedied. He would refill it from the gasoline supply tank. He opened the tank and looked in. It was empty also!

"O hell! what have we here?" he cried tragically, with pretended dismay.

"Charlie Martin! exclaimed Isabelle," are you swearing?"

No ma'am, I was quoting the "Merchant of Venice," he replied cheerfully. Then he explained the situation to her.

"O dear what shall we do?" she said.

There was no house in sight where they could possibly borrow some gasoline. The last house they had seen was more than two miles back and the road ahead looked desolate.

"What made you come so far? Why didn't you turn back before? I did not intend to ride more than a few minutes anyway! What will the doctor say to your running off with his automobile in that way? We are worse than thieves and it is all your fault!" cried Isabelle in distress.

This sudden gust of anger and her unjust accusation took him by surprise. Before he had time to speak her mood had changed to one of self-reproach.

"I wish I had not asked you," she said. I told you to do it! It is **my** fault! We are birds of a feather now! You cheat in algebra and I steal automobiles and get little boys into trouble."

Laughter and tears struggled for supremacy in her voice. The latter finally won. She sat

down by the roadside and wept noisily into a useless little handkerchief.

All this time Charlie stood silent. She could not see the half-mirthful half-worried expression on his face. Then he took the robes out of the car and crossed the road to where she sat.

"Say old girl don't cry!" he said awkwardly. He gave her the robes and told her to wait there until he could obtain some gasoline. "It is getting late and we must do something," he said as he left her.

Isabelle watched his retreating figure until he was out of sight. She picked up the robes he had left her and stepped into the car. "It will be more comfortable here," she said to herself and pillowing her head on her arm she watched with delight the varying tints of night fall.

The sun had set and for a brief time the hills and valleys lay wrapt in the warm after-glow. The shadows of night advanced like the soft winds of a moth and all the land was hushed in silvery moonlight before Charlie returned.

The second journey was not as pleasant as the first. Charlie was anxious to get back, as he feared his friend would be uneasy and Isabelle was worrying over what she thought the doctor would say.

It was after ten o'clock when the automobile with its disconsolate occupants came to a standstill in the doctor's yard. The doctor came out to meet them.

"I hope you had a pleasant ride," he said.

To Isabelle his voice sounded angry. She very shamefacedly began to explain and offer awkward apologies. Charlie turned his head away, thus concealing a very broad grin. The doctor seemed mystified and was called away before she could make him understand.

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" said Charlie as he took her books and they start-

ed for home.

"Gee whiz! but that's a good one on you!" and then he laughed and laughed again.

"Why what have I done?" she asked, anticipating she did not know what.

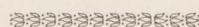
He laughed and slapped a book in his pocket in his enjoyment.

"The doctor said I could have his automobile and take you a riding! I asked him while you were standing by the store. Oh, ho, ho! And you were apologizing! Ha! Ha!" and here he fairly shouted.

It was with mixed feelings of chagrin and gratification that Isabelle heard this. Her pride was humbled but she was glad no serious offense had been committed; however she took the joke with a good grace.

"Charlie!" she said frankly, "shake hands, and if ever I call you a cheat again remind me of the time I stole an automobile. But I'll get even!" she added laughing, as Charlie vigorously continued to shake hands.

Thus it was that Charlie and his cousin, otherwise known as "The Furies," effected a complete reconciliation.



"The Sotoyoman" has been "a good Injun" for a long time, but if some of the members of a certain local club continue to use their hammers in endeavoring to knock the Senior Class dances, he'll don his war paints and get busy with his tomahawk.

It's a lucky thing that the Ukiah High School basket ball team postponed its match in that city with the H. H. S. team. Our girls might easily pass the entrance "exs" but some might have failed to pass the exit "exs" and would have been detained in Ukiah's popular resort.

A View of the Future.

In the year of 1912 I revisited the city of Healdsburg for the purpose of surveying the improvements which had taken place in that city during the six years of my absence, also to learn of any changes which time had forced upon the lives of my classmates.

The first change which I noticed on entering the city was the new railway depot and the next was the street cars which were running on all the main streets of the city. I entered a car and was whirled rapidly toward the business part of the city. The car passed the site where the old school buildings once stood and behold I saw that "Father Time" had erected there not only a new grammar school but a new local High school as well!

The day after my arrival being Sunday I decided to attend one of the many beautiful churches of Healdsburg. When I entered the church and my eyes fell upon the occupant of the pulpit my thoughts were involuntarily turned back six years to my High school days and I was conscious of a strange familiarity in that face. I possessed myself of the first opportunity to question the gentleman who sat next to me as to the name of the minister. I was informed that he was the Rev. Lester McDonough. The name was that of one of my old classmates and I was much surprised to find that he had entered the ministry.

A few days later a travelling theatrical company came to Healdsburg to play Shakespeare's famous tragedy "Macbeth" in the new opera house which had recently been built on the site where, in former days, the "Holiness Band" church stood. On reading one of the company's posters I learned that one of my classmates, Presley Mothorn, was manager of the company and that Miss Ethel Ferguson

was proving her skill as an actress in the role of Lady Macbeth.

Later I visited Ringling Bros. circus, which gave an exhibition in Healdsburg while I was there. One of the principal features of the exhibition was the side shows. From the exterior of one of these a man was loudly pleading with the public not to fail to see the wonder, Charles Evergreen Widlund, now commonly known as "Cupid," the tallest man in the world. This gave me a clue to the whereabouts of another one of my classmates.

One day as I was leisurely walking on one of the principal streets of Healdsburg my attention was attracted by a speedily approaching automobile. In it was seated an exceedingly well-dressed lady holding in her lap an exceedingly ugly poodle dog. It could be easily seen that she was one of the Healdsburg "four hundred." Imagine my surprise on recognizing, as the machine drew nearer, my old classmate, Lily Grove. The automobile approached the sidewalk and came to a halt near where I was walking and without delay I made myself known to her.

She asked me to accompany her on a tour of the city, to which request I willingly consented. During our ride we passed what was in former days the old Paxton residence, which had been converted into a convent, and, much to my surprise, my friend informed me that Nina Luce was within its saintly walls as a Sister of Mercy. I questioned her as to the whereabouts of the other members of the class of '06, to which she told me that Thurman Wisecarver was mayor of their prosperous city and that Miss Bessie Wolfe was accumulating a small fortune as a dealer in

school books, later pointing out to me her place of business.

As we were returning to the business part of Healdsburg my gaze fell upon a tall, light complected young woman who was carrying a number of books under her arm and a pencil in her hair. She pursued her way with a business like tread and I recognized in her our former classmate, Mabel Goding. On inquiring about her of my companion I learned that she was a travelling agent for a number of papers and magazines, among which was *The Sotoman*.

I next inquired of my companion about Miss Rubie Walker. She told me that Miss

Walker was leading a quiet secluded life, but had made her name famous by her treatise on "The Agricultural Resources of Dry Creek Valley." She then informed me that Miss Vira Sandborne was making her name famous by addressing the public, from a platform, on the well worn subject of "Woman's Suffrage."

Now having fully satisfied my curiosity concerning the whereabouts of all my classmates, I was willing to return home.

But readers, suppose we now return to the present and consider this yarn as merely a "View of the Future."

My First Experience With a Telephone.

The solitude of my country home, a few miles below Santa Cruz, near Monterey bay, had been enlivened for the past two summers by the companionship of Judge Hasting's daughter, Gwendolin, from San Francisco.

This summer that we had eagerly looked forward to was now drawing to a close and my chum's vacation was nearly at an end, and we waited in daily expectation for the message that was to recall her home.

It came one morning as we were seated on the beach watching the waves dancing at our feet. We espied Sam running down the narrow path, waving a letter to and fro. Gwendolin hastily tore it open and read as follows: "My Dear Daughter:

Your Uncle Reginald has just arrived from the Philippines on his way to Washington. We have planned a reception in his honor for Friday evening. Fortunately the house was finished last week. We are just putting in the telephone today. Your uncle is very

anxious to see you. Do not fail to come by the 10:30 train, as your father will be there to meet you.

From Your Loving Mother.

P. S.—A parrot and several surprises await you."

I was unable to speak for a few moments, as I knew that our rambles through the woods and daily drives to Pebbly Beach were over for another year.

"Never mind, cheer up!" she said, "now that we have a telephone you can call me up every time you go to town, and although I will be miles distant in my city home we can chat as confidentially as if we were sitting here together by the sea."

"A telephone! What's that?"

"Why! you darling, don't you know, it is just like a telegraph wire, with a tube attached to each end. You talk into one and I hear at

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

"THE SOTOYOMAN."

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SIX MONTHS	50 Cents
SINGLE COPIES	10 Cents

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STAFF ARTIST	M. D. SILBERSTEIN
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All items of interest to The SOTOYOMAN should be addressed to the Editor.

Help Those Who Help Us.

In order that we may publish a High school paper it is necessary for us to solicit the support of the local merchants, also certain business houses located in various other towns.

To these, our advertisers, we are directing your especial attention. We desire that when you come to Healdsburg you will patronize the houses advertised in our columns and when you travel for business, pleasure or otherwise you will likewise favor our advertisers with your support.

We say houses, but this is no specific term, for in our columns are advertised men of almost any profession, whose service you need.

The students of the Healdsburg High and Commercial High schools will please patronize such business men as you see mentioned in our paper. If you do not, then how can you expect them to support you? Be loyal to your patrons! You know those who have lent assistance on each and every enterprise you have undertaken. You also know those who have refused you assistance. By so dealing you are only pleasing our advertisers and increasing the popularity of our paper.

We say this, not that you do trade elsewhere than our advertisers, but that you

might. We say this, also, because it was necessary for us to renew our advertisement, those of the preceding issues having expired last month.

Commercial School Can Help.

Now that the idea of a distinction without a difference has quite thoroughly died out we wish to make known to the students of the commercial department that assistance can be given the paper other than buying copies and obtaining subscribers for The Sotoyoman. This fact was to be made known in last month's issue, but in order to publish all the "Blitzlets" it was necessary to cut certain portions of last month's editorials down.

We were pleased to have sold so many copies among the Commercial students last month. It made us feel as if a reunion of the student body of the High School was about to be effected. So, as we have already inferred, we will expect the commercial students to 'submit whole bunches of manuscript.' Anything handed in will be read and corrected whether published or not, thus giving all the students an opportunity at the press and equal instructions in composition writing.

The New Grammar School.

In this number of The Sotoyoman we are presenting to the public a cut of Healdsburg's new Grammar school building as it will appear when completed.

This beautiful structure is now being erected on the former site of the old Grammar school building. It will consist of eleven class rooms, several private rooms and a large assembly room on the first floor, where the children can congregate during recesses or bad weather. Altogether there will be sixteen rooms in the building.

The new school house will be equipped throughout with the latest electric light and bell system. A furnace will be placed in the basement, thereby affording a most up-to-date and convenient appliance for heating. The heating system, together with the sanitary plan of construction, perfects the method of ventilation.

The building is strictly classic in design and is built of brick and stone, on a substantial foundation of concrete. It will face toward Tucker street on the south and will have two side entrances on the east and west respectively.

There is nothing that Healdsburg should prize more highly than this new school building. Not so much through bare necessity of a facility for instructing the coming generation as the beauty it will lend the town. People may speak with pride and a great deal of sincerity of a modern Healdsburg when this edifice is completed.

Now that the demand for a Grammar school building is about to be realized we hope the town will be so elated that they will continue their good work with so much animation that in the course of another decade a modern

High school building will be erected and that structure known as the Healdsburg "Hi Skule," will seek out its tomb among the venerable relics of by gone ages and take up an abode in the soundless chambers of the past. Certain it is, this building has withstood the blasts of many a winter, but like some other of Healdsburg's highly respected landmarks, it should be put to rest as a good and faithful servant. When the act of discarding this impressive relic of time is being effected, it is predicted that certain aged members of Healdsburg will shed tears as they perceive the one familiarity of their infancy denied their great grand children.

Phizettes.

By "Doc Phiz"

In commenting on a runaway accident "The Sun" quoted: "The horses ran away completely demoralizing the wagon." It only goes to show that other things besides saloons and high school dances are "demoralizing," and the more so when "The Sun" infers that the morals of a wagon are corrupted by a too intimate association with a pair of "skates."

There is a rumor about town that the "Sotoyome Sun" is going to write its own accounts of all future H. H. S. athletics contests occurring in Healdsburg instead of plying the shears on some Santa Rosa paper which generally gives the locals the small end of the write up.

If Brother Keene desires, "The Sotoyoman" will detail a reporter to cover such events for "The Sun" and thereby save the shears from being worn out so soon.



The H. H. S. girls' basket ball team met the Santa Rosa Hi aggregation at Truitt's theatre Friday eve, February 2nd, in a battle royal. The score stood as above at the end of a very exciting and closely contested game.

The visiting team, chaperoned by Miss Woods, one of their instructors, was met at the depot by the local team and escorted to Foxe's hall, where a most enjoyable spread had been prepared.

After dining the two teams journeyed to the theatre where the game was called a few minutes after eight.

For the first few minutes of play it looked like a walk over for Santa Rosa. Eight points went to their credit and their superb team work won the admiration of the spectators.

Healdsburg then took a brace and held their own during the remainder of the half. The score read 10-6 in the visitors' favor.

The locals increased their speed in the sec-

ond half and gained the goodwill of the crowd by their gritty uphill playing. The score was tied about the middle of the half and a stubborn contest ensued. But the visitors, being more conversant with the finer points of the game, gradually drew ahead, and when time was called, were five points to the good.

Though defeated the Healdsburg girls have nothing to be ashamed of. Not only because the opposing team has the reputation of being the best north of Frisco, but also because the quality of ball put up by them was 100 per cent better than that shown in their last game. The locals intend securing another game with Santa Rosa later in the season and expect to give an even better account of themselves.

A notable feature of the game was the abounding good humor and kind feeling that existed between the two teams. A striking contrast to the game played here a few weeks ago with another team.

The only regrettable feature of the evening was when a fair visitor collided rather forcibly with the wall, much to her discomfort.

We were glad to see several of the High school boys up from the lower burg, renewing acquaintances with the local boys. They remained after the game to the social hour enjoyed by all.

The visitors were hospitably lodged by the local girls and departed on the morning train. They occupied the rear platform as the train drew out of the station, and saluted the morning breezes with their High school yells.

The lineup was as follows:

Healdsburg	Santa Rosa
Olive Kron.....Center.....	Ruth Overton
Una Williams.....Center..	Mamie Rader (C)
Jessie Skee.....Center...	Dorothy Sheldon
Mabel Goding.....Guard.....	Abigail Clary
Nina Luce.....Guard.....	Mabel Ware
Aubrey Butler.....Guard....	Emily Metzgar
Stella Lufkin.....Goaler.....	Nellie Griffiths
Violet Mayes (C).Goaler....	Irene Warboys
May Banks.....Goaler.....	Leila Grove

Referee, Dr. Kinley; Umpire, Miss Woods; Linemen, Misses Coffman, Passalacqua and Wiley.

The boys' position in the athletic column must necessarily be rather limited this month from the fact that, although considerable grinding has been indulged in, no meets have been held, and also because the '03 records by Doc Phiz ought to last a couple of months.

The boys are standing nobly by their guns, considering the kind of weather dished up to us for this month. A faithful few have trained conscientiously and the result is seen in their improved condition. They are beginning to look longingly forward to the S. M. A. A. L. annual field day to be held the 28th of April.

A Snipe Hunt.

Edwin Kent '09

In a logging camp in Mendocino county a boy from Healdsburg found temporary employment chopping timber. He had not been long in camp before he was made the victim of a practical joke.

The "boys" told him that there was fine snipe hunting around in the woods. He was eager to know how they hunted snipe, which knowledge they were as eager to impart. He was told they went hunting at night with a big gunny-sack and willow rods. He offered to make the net if they would go hunting with him.

This was just what the "boys" wanted, and as he made the net they offered helpful suggestions, exchanging sly winks over the boy's bent head.

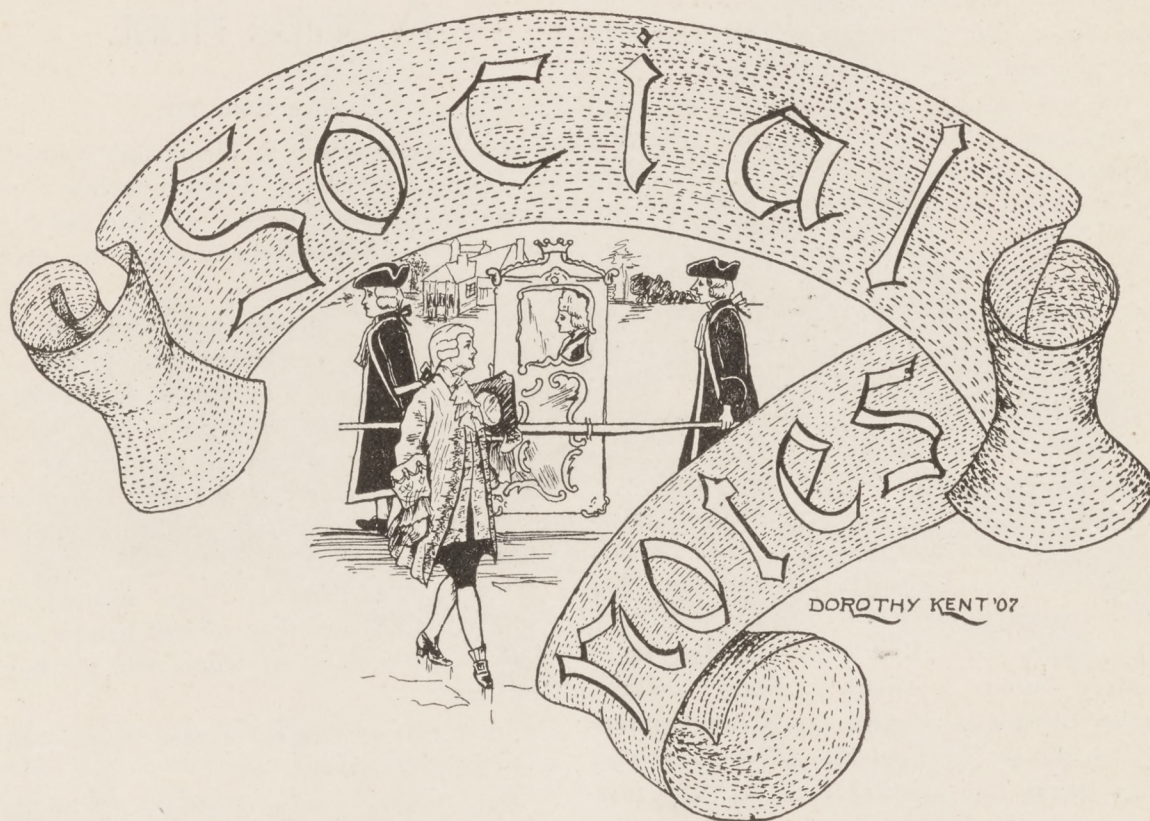
The net being finished a party was formed to go snipe hunting.

That evening the party drove off in high spirits with the boy in their midst. Having reached a point about four miles from camp they got out of the wagon and walked some distance to a deep ravine. Here they stationed the boy and told him to wait and net the birds as they drove them up. They then seemingly dispersed in various directions.

Minute by minute passed by, still no birds came. The minutes lengthened into an hour, not a leaf stirred from the onrush of birds—and when two hours had passed the truth dawned upon the solitary watcher. Dropping his net he hastened to the place where they had left the wagon, only to find it gone and then he knew he had been made the victim of a joke.

After a long weary walk he finally reached

(Continued on Page Sixteen)



The '05 football squad was royally entertained at the home of Dr. Kinley, Friday eve, February 9th.

The evening passed away very merrily with the playing of games, story-telling and planning for the future.

During the course of the evening the team came to order and elected Ray Welch, '08, captain for the ensuing year.

After several very interesting games had been indulged in, supper was announced and we adjourned to the banquet room, where the smiling hostess, assisted by Mrs. Johnson, had prepared a bountiful tamale supper.

Toasts and reminiscences of the season made the chorus a loud one. All agreed that if Mrs. Kinley had anything to say in the matter "Doc" need have no fear for his meals.

Re-assembling in the parlor more games and anecdotes were indulged in till a late hour.

The company then bid their genial host and hostess good night, all testifying to have had the time of their lives.

Those present were: Presley Mothorn, Herbert Amesbury, Lester McDonough, Floyd Bailey, Fred Young, Melville McDonough, Volney Hall, Bert McDonough, Charles Widlund, Thurman Wisecarver, Roy Vitousek, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Miss Cornish and Mr. and Mrs. Kinley.

Foot ball captain-elect Ray Welch '08 would like to have chariot or cart racing included in the field-day sports and would enter his old white horse against the worst of them.

My First Experience with a Telephone.

(Continued from Page Nine)

the other, just like that piece of kelp we sang into yesterday."

Well, next morning we parted with many good-bys and promises to spend the next summer together.

At my first opportunity, a week later, I entered an office and much to my pleasure found it deserted, save for the janitor, who upon inquiry pointed to the telephone, which hung on the wall, and then made a hasty exit.

My first thought was of my chum's last words: "Call me up." So I called, "Gwendolin!"

No answer.

Then I called her name louder into the silver mouth piece.

Still no answer.

I came to the conclusion that I was not calling loud enough, so I summoned all my breath and called "Gwendolin! Gwendolin!"

"Why don't you talk? I know you hear me. Alright, I will never speak to you the longest day I live. Its just like your stuck up city folks to have me go to all this trouble and then not answer.

While I waited in despair for a reply a book of rules met my view and I eagerly looked them over. There was my chum's name! The book said: "First take down the receiver and place to your ear." Ah! Now I understood why Gwendolin didn't hear me. So I called her name again and presto! I got a weak "Hello! Who did you want?"

"Well I wanted you."

"Who? McAdie?"

I was so nervous that, without thinking, I said, "Yes!"

In a few moments a voice told me all about the sand storm that was blowing over the

southern part of the state. "Wind blowing at the rate of one hundred miles an hour off the Faralones! A terrific storm is passing over the Pacific coast! Fly danger signals!"

This was Greek to me. When the voice hesitated I asked "Who are you?" He answered, "McAdie, the weather man."

"Why I only wanted Gwendolin!"

I kept on calling Gwendolin as loudly as I could. At this moment several men rushed up stairs and their leader, a fierce looking man in blue uniform, said, in a husky voice: "Madam, what is the trouble here? We thought someone was being murdered by the noise we've heard for the last hour. Thought it was about time to investigate."

"Why I am only trying to talk to Gwendolin. She lives in the city."

I tried to explain, and he finally said: "Oh! the reason is you don't know how to use the phone! Well!" He turned a crank two or three times, then took down the ear piece and said:

"Hello Central!"

I stopped him to tell him her name was Gwendolin. I even showed him her name in the book. He looked at it, but said:

"Mission 444, please! Now you can chat."

Well I thought it was about time.

"I have been calling you for the last half hour; they heard me five blocks down town, and only for the policeman I never could have found you.

She only laughed and said something that sounded like "hayseed," but I told her my father had sold all our hay and oats last week. Has your bird eaten all that seed you took home?

Then I commenced to tell her all the news: That I had received her postal yesterday and was going to Del Monte next week, when someone called:

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

THE SOTOYOMAN

Exchange Notes.

We are pleased to see the number of our exchanges increasing. At first we were inclined to be somewhat discouraged over the small amount we were receiving. But now that our exchange column is enforced we will give our opinion of the work, from the standpoint of an outsider, without prejudice.

The "Flame of Fruitvale" is a new paper and has some good stories in it, but its sheets are too large. Don't you think that it would be better if your pages were smaller and greater in number?

The "Aegis," Oakland, is one of our best exchanges. Its reading matter is high class and it contains a great deal of school news. Its headings are especially worthy of mention, showing great talent.

The "Review," Sacramento, has an editorial staff worthy of praise because they turn out a fairly good paper without the support of their school. We sincerely hope that they will be better supported in the future.

The "Porcupine," Santa Rosa, seems to be declining. You have done too well in the past to tail now. Brace up.

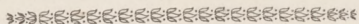
We are glad to receive a new exchange, the "Russ." Its "Book Review" column is worthy of commendation and is a good thing if kept up rightly.

Among other of our exchanges is our old friend, "The Oak," of Visalia, Cal. We are pleased to see you respond so readily with new cuts, as we suggested. We only hope you will continue to appear as regularly in the future as you have in the past.

We have received for the first time the "News," Eugene, Oregon. It does not belie its name and is well written too.

The "Arrow," Alameda, is a very good paper for a grammar school. It is already ahead of some of our High school exchanges.

Lester McDonough '06.

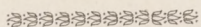


A Snipe Hunt.

(Continued from Page Thirteen)

camp, where he was greeted by the hearty laughter of his hunting companions.

Next day the victimized snipe hunter from Healdsburg departed for home having made a very pleasant impression upon his Mendocino friends, who now occasionally recall the "snipe hunt."



After counting the number of lodges in Healdsburg one can almost account for the epidemic of "grip" that has been prevalent this spring.

Valentine.

Following is a copy of a valentine received by the "Mysterious Miss Raffles" in the H. H. S.:

You think you're it with your dinky rat,

Yet it keeps you hikin' from every cat;

You want some one to say you're a beaut,

But it's no use as you always knew it.

You imagine you're the only fairy

In the H. H. S. menagerie,

But when it comes to common sense,

You ain't in it with a picket fence.

If you are feeling blue just go out and hail
some candidate running for office and he'll
jolly you up a little.

My Favorite Animal.

Lickie was the name of my pet kitten. When first he came to our door he was the tiniest, fluffiest, grey and white ball of fur that I had ever seen, and I at once decided that I would keep him. He was cold and hungry and so small he could hardly walk, and as it was nearing evening we could not leave him out in the cold to starve.

"We will take him in tonight," said mamma, "but tomorrow we must find another place for him."

This was contrary to my idea of things, but I said nothing, resolving though, that now I had him, I would not let him go.

Among other things on the plate which I gave him to eat from that night, were some potato skins, and when he had finished, everything, including potato skins, was gone. Well, a cat that will eat potato skins is certainly hungry, and Dickie, thenceforward, was fed on the best of everything.

By the next day he had become so well acquainted with us that no one thought of sending him away; so Dickie stayed, and became the greatest pet and nuisance in the family. When once his appetite was satisfied he became very fastidious, and would touch nothing that was not perfectly clean. There were very few things he would eat, even tiring of meat and milk, an ordinary cat's staff of life.

He was exceptionally fond of candy, especially caramels, but would often become so eager for them that in his haste he would get his teeth so firmly planted in them that he could hardly open his mouth again.

Dickie was very much like a spoiled child. He would always sleep on a cushion in a rocking chair, if possible, and spent most of his time in the house. If he was refused anything that he wanted very much he would turn

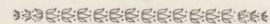
away with the most disgusted expression you can imagine, and if spoken to would only look sulkier than ever.

He was fond of curling up in a small grape basket on the back porch, where he would sleep for hours. Cats are not usually fond of the water, but Dickie would submit to a bath quite good naturedly, after which I would comb his fur until he was quite dry. He also enjoyed a ride in the doll's carriage, well wrapped up in blankets.

As he grew older, he did not become worn out and thin like most cats. Owing to his laziness and the petting he had received he retained his beautiful coat, and although he grew large and plumper he was still soft and fluffy, and liked to play as well as when he was a little kitten.

When he was six years old we moved away, and on account of the long distance we were going, we were obliged to leave him behind, much to our regret.

How Dickie has fared since we came away I cannot tell. I fear that like many another poor homeless kitten he has wandered from place to place, friendless and uncared for. But I sincerely hope that his tidy appearance and good manners have won for him a pleasant home among kind friends, where he will end his days in peace and comfort, as any respectable cat should.



Does Miss Whitney think because she is Melancholy she is necessarily divine?

Miss Skee (in shorthand class)—The book says to always put the word sign for "oi" in first position. Where shall I put it? In first position? Prof. Henchey: I guess so.



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Election Monday, April 9th, 1906.

My First Experience With a Telephone.

(Concluded from Page Fifteen)

"Get off the line!"

I said, indignantly, "I am not standing on any line."

Well do you know she wouldn't talk to me any longer and I just thought;

"This is pretty good! You talked nice enough when you were down here eating my cream puffs and fricasseed chicken and those 'delicious little cookies' I made that were 'too cute for anything'!"

Well as I drove home I made a vow that I would never write to her again and that the next time I telephoned she would talk just the same as if we were sitting by the sea shore. But she unexpectedly arrived for the Christmas holidays and demanded a full explanation of my conduct, which I gave with reluctance. She even went into town with me next day and showed me how to use the instrument and when we parted a week later she laughingly said:

"Now be sure and telephone me every time you come to town."

Once more I gave the promise and happily I have been able to fulfill it.

Florence Walsh '08.

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H. H. S. Senate Affairs.

The H. H. S. congress met in regular session on Friday afternoon, February 9.

After reading the minutes of the previous session, they being approved and adopted, Bill No. 2, a bill proposing the selection of a committee from congress to regulate railroad rates, was given a third reading. The debate that followed the motion of acceptance was probably the best yet heard in the H. H. S. congress and the speakers, without exception, gave able arguments for and against the bill in question.

The debators on the affirmative were led by Senator Widlund of Mo., introducer of the bill; the other speakers in favor were: Senators Mothorn of California, Kent of Vermont, Walker of New York, Sanborn of New Hampshire. Those speaking in opposition to the question were Senators Moore of Colorado, McDonough of Utah, McClure of Mississippi, Wisecarver of Massachusetts.

The motion for acceptance was carried by a vote of forty "ayes" to nineteen "noes."

The prompt manner with which the senators dispensed the regular business of the day was appreciated by all present. It added new life and interest to the process of mimic legis-

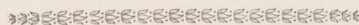
lation. It was quite an improvement over the last session of the H. H. S. senate.

Believing that the senators realize, too, the necessity of promptness in the business of the day, we have reason to believe the congress will continue to grow in interest.

One word we would like to say in regard to the open discussion and that is: Every one is cordially invited to get up and say what he or she thinks about the bill in debate. We do not only invite but request, urge and expect you to take part. A variety of opinion must necessarily add to the common interest. There are some senators whom we are compelled to excuse but we hold those on that list to a limited number.

Experience is all some of our young orators need to qualify them for enlistment among the best in that line. and if ever there was a suitable place to gain that experience it is in the H. H. S. congress. You couldn't find a better place in which to learn the art of public expression in speech. One who has that talent is one to be envied. That talent may be acquired by any one by diligent application of time and interest.

R. W.



Wise and Otherwise.

Jessie Skee takes the lead in the shorthand class, having a two mile lead on last measurement.

A great many H. H. S. students are puzzling their heads over Prof. Warren's initials, which are G. W. Why that's easy. George Washington, of course. Our popular Latin instruct-

or's full name is Prof. George Washington Warren, hence he is privileged to celebrate two birthdays a year. That's luck.

Whenever (?) things become quiet in the commercial department it is said they throw typewriters at each other.

Theo Brown has been suffering from a severe attack of gigglettus.

Lester "Mot" and "Cupid" want to be admirals or they won't join the cadets this spring.

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Before the Dance

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The Seniors are so meek and demure during the last period.

Fred Young says that his bass is going to raise his pay but he has longer hours.

Prof. Rincey, during recitation, to Ray Farnsworth, who is leaning out of a window sightseeing—Be careful Ray you don't fall out the window.

Prof. Hinchey (hearing the elephantine footsteps of the freshmen coming up to attend book-keeping class)—Here comes the basket ball team, I guess.

Herbert Amesbury has taken to training on the track with an enthusiasm that wins. After chasing around the racetrack he has taken to

chasing down the C. N. W. R. R. track with a fair H. H. S. maiden who lives thereon.

Senator McClure was very considerate in speaking against the railroad rate bill in the H. H. S. Congress when he urged that low rates should not be granted "as people would ride back and forth to Frisco until the seats were worn out, and they would get so sore that they would be compelled to wear plasters from riding on such hard seats." But really we believe the C. N. W. R. R. could afford to throw in a plaster coupon with every ticket when their upholstering is worn to that extent by such enthusiastic patrons.

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Bailey '08 and Vitousek '08 and McClish '09 enjoyed a lively tri-cornered fight over the latter's class pin. The H. H. S. are certainly getting that "fighting spirit" you read about.

Mot '06 gives warning that no one shall blow a whistle when he says nix under penalty of two black noses, a broken eye and otherwise beautifully adorned beauty counter. He's a comer at 160 pounds roadside.

Gertrude Fields '09 has found an eternal question which has set her to thinking seriously. It's too good to keep, so, gentle reader, if you won't tell anyone about it we'll put you wise, thus: "Who were you before you were what you are?"

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